UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

The Natural Consequences

By H. R. MUSSEY

The Method and Meaning of Quiet—Part II

By BILL SIMPSON

The Sermon on the Mount

Distortion of the Message in the West

By M. K. GANDHI

Internationalizing Our Youth

By FRANK LANE

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UNITY

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Editors:

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**
Curtis W. Reese **Louis L. Mann**

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME C MONDAY, JANUARY 30, 1928 NUMBER 21

OUTLAW WAR

The most important task in the world today is to make another war *impossible*. Not merely to make another war less likely, to defer its outbreak, but to make it *impossible*, to abolish it, to outlaw it as the greatest crime against humanity. . . . Without it no permanent worth-while amelioration is to be brought about. With the ugly leering monster of war lurking in the distance, all sorts of reforms and improvements—improvements in material conditions and in international relations—seem futile, childish, ephemeral. Of what use to labor and struggle to bring about freedom of speech and press, better labor conditions, a higher standard of living, international amity, when the moment war is declared all this is swept away at one stroke, all that has been gained by years of struggle and blood is savagely crushed under foot, and as a result, after destroying millions of valuable lives—physically the most valuable —we have increased hatred, greater poverty, corruption more rampant, and the country ruled by its worst and most savage elements?

These are the infallible results of each and every war, and we must again begin our never-ending Sisyphus' task.

It is therefore obvious to every unprejudiced and non-militaristic mind that our most important, most imperative task is the movement to *abolish* war. It is not the only task, there are other tasks, but without it all other tasks lose in importance, in efficiency, in hope. . . . And the time to work for the abolition, for the outlawry of war is *now*, today. To try to prevent war, on the eve of or a few months before its outbreak is childish. It is too late then to do anything Therefore join the Anti-War movement now, and give it your time, your energy, your life-blood if necessary.

—*Critic and Guide.*

It looks as though the negotiations between the United States and France, as based on the Briand proposal for the outlawry of war, were coming to nothing. This result is intensely disappointing, but surely this time the fault does not belong to the United States. On the contrary, at the very point where Briand was given opportunity by Secretary Kellogg to realize a fulfilment of his idea of outlawry far beyond his own best expectation, he backed away, hummed and hawed and hemmed, and at last took desperate resort to that old cracked chestnut of "aggressive war." Washington very properly takes the position that renouncing "aggressive" war means just exactly and precisely nothing at all, and thus the negotiations come to an end. But the episode is by no means to be reckoned as a total loss. On the contrary, what M. Briand and France have lost in reputation for sincerity and courage and diplomatic skill, Mr. Kellogg and the United States have won for these same qualities. Indeed, we have so often criticized our American Secretary of State for ineptitude and timidity, that we have not in a long time found anything so pleasant as to grant the Secretary the high praise he now so abundantly deserves. What has happened, on the American side of this correspondence between two great nations, marks something like a new epoch in the history of peace and war. For the first time, one government has seriously proposed to another that the two collaborate in preparing a treaty providing for the complete renunciation of war, which they may offer jointly to other nations for universal adoption. We have a right to assume that the administration meant precisely what it said to France, and would therefore do just this thing if its proposal were accepted. If so, we have entered definitely and finally upon a new and revolutionary way of handling the peace problem. It is the way suggested and strenuously fought for by the Outlawry of War advocates from the beginning, and thus marks at last the initial triumph of their cause. Hitherto, there have been adjustments, and compromises and other half-way suggestions in the matter of peace. We would get peace by arbitrating, or conciliating, or "cooling off," or limiting armaments, or denouncing "aggressive" and "unrighteous" wars. Now it is proposed to secure peace by *getting rid of war*. Having taken this first decisive step, the others *must* follow.

The negotiations between America and France have had one other wholesome result. They have served to reveal, with a nakedness that is positively shocking, the real character of the League of Nations. This has been revealed before, to those who have had eyes to see and ears to hear, but never with such frank and unashamed completeness as now. Look at what has happened! The United States proposes to France that they join together in a treaty renouncing war absolutely and completely, and that this treaty be made "multilateral," if that is the phrase, to include all other nations. Immediately the League of Nations advocates, with a fluttering and cackling like frightened hens in a barnyard, proclaim that the nations may not join in any such treaty as this—that the League of Nations signatories cannot do so in any case. *Cannot join in a treaty renouncing war?* Why, in heaven's name, why? Because—please note the answer!—these signatories to the Covenant are thereby pledged *to go to war* when the League summons them so to do! The League of Nations, in other words, is based not on a peace cove-

nant at all, but on a war covenant. Its ultimate *raison d'etre* is war—the declaring of war and the making of war. The war thus contemplated and provided for, to be sure, is a war to end war. *But*—all of us, excepting the League of Nations partisans, got enough of that kind of thing in 1914-1918. A war to end war is just as destructive, just as murderous, just as wicked as any other kind of a war. Indeed, if the Great War is any sign, it is a good deal worse than any other. Yet the League is aimed at just such a consummation of all ill, and *for this reason* cannot allow its members to make any compacts renouncing war forever. If this isn't a beautiful showing up of the whole League business, we would like to know what would be. We are glad, as we have always been glad, that the United States is outside the League and will remain outside, for this means that the United States is free, as other nations are not, to work for peace.

The Nicaragua affair became of importance when American marines began to be killed. It holds attention only as American marines continue to be killed, or are in danger of being killed. But there have been other men killed down in that unhappy country since the Stars and Stripes appeared upon the scene. Again and again during the past year the newspaper despatches have told of battles in the bush, with a toll of 200, 400, 600 men slain. But these men have been Nicaraguans, not Americans. They are nothing but natives of the land in which they fought and fell. What are a hundred or two Nicaraguans? But an *American marine!!* That's another matter! And today great reinforcements are gathering in Nicaragua to slaughter some hundreds more of the native population, that Americans may be inviolable whatever they do and wherever they go. It is this point of view which shows how desperately difficult is this war business. If we only had understanding, imagination, sympathy enough to realize that men are *men* wherever they live, whatever language they speak, whatever color they wear! If we could only see behind these Nicaraguans, or Chinese, or whoever else we may be slaughtering at the time, the families they love, the sufferings they endure, the patriotism they glorify! If we could only feel the same emotion of horror and grief at the death of a Nicaraguan as of an American! We would feel this of course, if we were really religious, or even human. As it is, nothing touches us but our own. We are tribesmen, caring for nothing but our blood-brethren. So we go heedlessly on our savage way, killing and being killed. UNITY may be, and probably is, wrong; but the Editor refuses to conceal his conviction that the death of a Nicaraguan on the soil of his native land is a more dreadful thing than the death of an American invader of that soil.

If anything were needed to fix the conviction that capital punishment is a brutality too gross for an age and a society which pretends to common decency, the Snyder-Gray electrocution in New York at midnight between January 12th and 13th would seem to supply the lack. A year ago a conversation with the Secretary of the League for the Abolition of Capital Punishment revealed no hope of early success for their cause in New York State. She and the members of her directorate were of the opinion, against their ardent desires, that the reform could be effected only years hence. But, in the meantime, Massachusetts chose to make itself infamous in the Sacco-Vanzetti affair. Early last fall the same secretary was found to be hopeful and alert, pressing a vigorous campaign with confidence that the Governor and perhaps the legislature of New York would listen with a new attention. Now this new outrage in New York ought to be sufficient to set the bill for abolition forward on the legislative docket until the clerks cannot read too fast to dispose of it. If outrageous and confessed guilt presents so horrible a spectacle when punished in this brutal fashion, what ferocity can justify the practice when the lives of possibly innocent victims are at stake? When a woman of the propensities and character of Ruth Snyder can wring tears from the eyes of hardened public officials by her prayers for forgiveness, to what pass have we come in our handling of this problem of crime? A character as debased as hers gains an exaltation far above its deserts by her last ghostly cry, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" The travesty is complete, for we know what we are doing. We have ample opportunity to know what the continuance of this brutal practice imports. We cannot longer make ourselves ridiculous by maintaining that this sort of thing prevents or restrains crime. It does nothing of the sort. It only brutalizes the community which practices it. Have we not had enough of the horrible business to make an end of it?

The fame of Thomas Hardy, dead on January 11th, is probably destined to undergo the fluctuations of fortune which invariably befall great literary men. But when the ups and downs of favor have passed and posterity has registered its final verdict, we believe that Hardy will stand as incomparably the greatest writer of his time, and one of the great writers of all time. His many novels, curiously uneven in quality, include five masterpieces of the first rank—"The Return of the Native," "Far From the Madding Crowd," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," "Tess of the D'Ubervilles," and "Jude the Obscure." To these we would add at least two others as books of lasting worth—"The Trumpet Major" and "The Woodlanders." Take these seven novels, and what is there to compare with them since Dickens? Take "The Return of the Native" and "Jude," and how many novels ever written can match

them? Such work in one of the most important of all literary fields might well have been counted by its author as enough for one man and one life-time. But after the meridian of his years had passed, Thomas Hardy suddenly began publishing volumes of poetry. These were received at first with more curiosity than appreciation. The fact that a great novelist should amuse himself with inferior poetry, as it was called, was regarded with a certain resentment. But gradually it began to dawn upon the public mind that Hardy's poetry was as distinguished as his prose. The rough and gnarled exteriors of the verse were seen to hide a beauty and even grandeur of transcendent quality. "The Dynasts," a stupendous epic-drama read by few at first, little by little, like a cloud-wreathed mountain, took on the proportions of Shelley's "Prometheus" and Milton's "Paradise Lost." Here was a great poet crowning the work of a great novelist! Behind both was a great man, who brooded profoundly over the tragedy of life, saw heedless fate as the inexorable master of men's days, and irony as the sole law of circumstance. Happily his philosophy did not deny him the grave in Westminster Abbey which his genius long since won.

A personal loss, grievous to UNITY, has come in the death of LOUIS F. POST, on January 10th. Mr. Post was a thorough-going radical, as courageous in his spirit as he was able in his thought. His paper, the *Public,* was for years one of the beacon-lights of progressive journalism in America, the true pioneer and forerunner of such present-day publications as the *Nation* and the *New Republic.* One of the earliest and most devoted of the friends of Henry George, Mr. Post was a leader of the Single Tax movement to the day of his death, but he was never at any time a doctrinaire, and freely and gladly gave himself to all political and social causes for human betterment. His supreme opportunity of public service seemed to come when, on the inauguration of the Department of Labor in 1913, he was appointed assistant secretary under William B. Wilson. His allegiance to the administration had been won by President Woodrow Wilson's proclamation of "the new freedom." Here was a chance to battle for liberty—the political and economic liberty which he had been preaching all his days. The chance came, all right —but it was different and greater far than he had ever imagined! Within one year of his accession to office the War broke out. Within four years America was in the War. Washington became changed as by some witchery of black magic. Militarism did its fell work of tyranny. In place of "the new freedom" came the new autocracy, with conscription, censorship, arrests and imprisonments the order of the day. The climax came after the War in the madness of Mitchell Palmer and the deportation raids. It was a dreadful time—and of all the officials in Washington, only Louis F. Post kept his head. How he kept his official head will always remain a mystery. For, true to the traditions of a lifetime, he set his face like flint against the fury of the hour, and, literally single-handed, kept liberty alive in the administration. The story of his experience Mr. Post later wrote and published in his book, "The Deportations' Delirium of Nineteen-Twenty." This was his last great public service. Through many years, Mr. Post was a friend and subscriber of UNITY, and an occasional contributor to its columns. His watchful friendship will be sadly missed.

The Natural Consequences

It is a maxim of law, we believe, that a man is supposed to intend the natural consequences of his acts. This is evidently a maxim, however, of private and not of public law; for the key to success in public life appears to be the ability to believe that fair words butter parsnips, and that it makes no difference at all what you do to a man, so long as you accompany your black-jacking of him in the dark with assurances of your undying esteem. We are moved to these reflections by a comparison of the words and the actions of our national policy in respect to our neighbors to the south of us, a comparison that chances to be happily illustrated by the headlines of adjoining columns on the front page of the *New York Times* of January 12.

Column 5: "Marines Kill 14 in Nicaragua Fights. They Defeat Two Attempts of Sandinistas to Ambush Them. Haiti Bandit-Fighter Assumes Command. Bogota Papers Protest to Coolidge." Column 6: "Coolidge Will Urge Pan-American Amity at Havana Congress. Speech at Pan-American Congress May Furnish Cornerstone for Better Understanding. Cordiality to Be Keynote. No Prospect Is Visible of Outcropping of Irritation Against the United States."

We continue with the forecast of the Havana meeting by one of the *Time's* star correspondents:

> Necessarily there will be an undercurrent of resentment due to the conception which some of the Latin-American nations have formed of the attitude of the Washington Government toward their part of the world [Oh, the intellectual perversity of the Latin-Americans], but the opportunity will be presented of dissipating the clouds of political misunderstanding which have hung over the Western Hemisphere for a long time.

We wish we might hear the speech that is to do all that. If it did not verge on lese-majesty, a poor but honest American citizen might be tempted to suggest that instead of the eighty-six notables who constituted the President's "record retinue" on his "mission of good-will and international helpfulness," our hard-

headed Yankee leader ought to have taken with him to serve as announcers a small army of those practical diplomats of whom *Good Neighborship,* the Bulletin of the National Citizens' Committee on Latin America, reminds us, the spielers at the Chicago World's Fair, who, like the seraphim, continually did cry along the Midway: "Bum-bum, bum-bum, very nice bum-bum, buy some bum-bum!" Bum-bum sure enough! "What is bum-bum? Nothing much. Just a sort of sweetish unsubstantial stuff cooked up to appease an adolescent appetite." Let's feed—no, sell!—our Latin-American neighbors plenty of nice Pan-American bum-bum—at an adequate price, you understand, to be paid in good eight per cent bonds secured by a lien on their customs revenue—and if only too many bandits don't insist too determinedly on getting themselves killed, we shall surely succeed in avoiding the inevitable consequences of the acts of our government in Haiti and Santo Domingo and Nicaragua and all the rest. Such seems to be the accepted canon of Administration political theory. What is the outworn notion of cause and effect in these bigger and better days of Bergson and Einstein?

If we had any doubts about the existence of these immutable political principles, in reading the headlines of January 12, they would have been dissolved when we looked at the newspaper of January 13.

Column 6: "Wilbur Says Navy Needs $2,580,000,000. Urges Steady Building in 20-Year Program. Had Estimated $3,360,000,000 Earlier." Column 7: "Kellogg Asks Paris to Ban 'All' War. Suggests in New Note That Negotiations Be Based on Briand's First Proposal. Wants Big Powers to Join."

There you are, big as life. The President puts at the head of the Navy Department a wise and brainy deacon who, it will be recalled, a few years since, at a time of some international tension, suggested that a little cold steel would cool the spirit of one of our friendly Pacific neighbors, at that time wrought up over our immigration law. This wise and thoughtful Secretary now gives "an intimate picture of the Administration's naval building program" calling for an expenditure of two and a half billions carried on steadily over a twenty-year period (incidentally falling into a trifling error of three-quarters of a billion, which he corrects in a written statement the same afternoon), and then states his hope that Congress in its wisdom will contemplate an additional twenty-year building program on top of the first twenty years, thus projecting his immediate war-making plans forward over a period of forty years. On the same day our harassed Secretary of State finds enough surcease from Bolshevik plots in Mexico and Nicaragua and Guatemala—or was it Honduras yesterday?—to call on France and all the other great states to give up all war forevereverever honest Injun cross your heart. The gods on Olympus undoubtedly laugh at such a scene, but can there be left a mortal with a teaspoonful of brains in his head who does not realize, after the lessons of the past twenty years, that the natural consequence of acts like those to which our blustering Secretary of the Navy would urge us is to make impossible the cementing of those ties of friendship which must underlie treaties such as those of which our Secretary of State chatters? War, not peace, is the natural consequence of acts like that.

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretense make long prayer: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation." It was one of the wisest and most tender spirits of all time that thus denounced the loathsome sin of hypocrisy. We do not say that the men who at present mislead these United States merit such denunciation; for we can by no means read their motives, and it is our belief that conscious hypocrisy is one of the rarest of vices. But we do say that if they are not hypocritical, then they are so ignorant of the natural consequences of their acts, so blind to the relation of cause and effect, as to make them if anything more dangerous than if they were consciously dishonest. We have seen enough of the meaning of imperialism during the past half century to know just what it involves both for the exploited and for the exploiter. If the American government, in the face of that record, is to drag an indifferent or unwilling people into fresh imperialistic conquests and consequent slaughter, at least let honest men who believe profits and automobiles and oil and fatness of less worth than friendliness and good neighborship stand up squarely and ask of that government, Do you or do you not intend the natural consequences of those acts which as the years go on make us more and more feared and suspected the moment we pass the Rio Grande? If not, will you or will you not change those acts to acts of brotherhood?

H. R. Mussey.

Jottings

More than three-fourths of all the "dry"-enforcement agents of the government were unable to pass the recent civil service tests. Here is new evidence that enforcement of the Prohibition law has not yet begun, or even been seriously attempted. The civil service law promises to substitute men of intelligence and character for political hangers-on. This will help to get us somewhere.

Who will be the next British author to be buried in Westminster Abbey? Who of all living writers in England is most likely to receive this honor? Is there

any one of them all quite so sure of it as RUDYARD KIPLING—poet, novelist, fabulist, historian, laureate of the Empire?

John Erskine's "Adam and Eve" is promptly followed by Murray Sheehan's "Eden." Both have the old Garden for the story's scene, and both have Lilith for the charming heroine. Lilith seems to have been a wonder, but what did she ever do for the race? Where would we be if there had been no Mother Eve?

"Al" Smith is hedging on the Prohibition question. As a candidate for the presidency, he is beginning to talk about the sanctity of law and the duty to obey the law. Curious! We are told again and again that Prohibition is unpopular, that it is a defiance of the popular will, that it is supported only by a fanatical minority. Yet there isn't a presidential candidate in either party who dares to run as a frank, open, and confessed "wet"!

The more we read about the U. S. Navy, the more strenuously we would urge upon our fellow citizens in this country a great reform. *We advocate the establishment of an "intelligence test" as a condition of admission into the Naval Academy at Annapolis!* If this measure were adopted, we might find an admiral in the service now and then with a few traces of brains in his cranium.

The first indictment which Jesus brought against the Pharisees, in Matthew XXIII, was the charge that *"they say, and do not."*—President Coolidge *saying* in Cuba and the Marines *doing* in Nicaragua impress us as a pretty good illustration of the text.

J. H. H.

The Method and Meaning of Quiet

Part II

Before we go further, I feel it would probably make for clearness if we distinguished between those times when a man turns to quiet for practical guidance in a concrete situation, and those other times in which he turns to quiet for purification of spirit and the illumination of his deepest being. It is the latter I have had more especially in mind throughout this writing. But it was certainly the former with which I began what mystical experience I have had, and in this respect at least I imagine the experience of most others will be like my own. Certainly any one who sets out to seek and serve the Truth finds himself very constantly at a parting of the ways where he has to make a decision and needs a source of guidance upon which he may depend. Where and how shall he find it?

As this is only a resort to quiet for a rather specialized purpose, our counsel to him would be the same as that given thus far under directions as to method for having quiet. But now to go on.

At this point some people would doubtless enjoin the necessity of laying aside all thought about the situation in hand, and would hinge everything upon that sense of direction or that purification of vision which follows the laying down of all self-will. The utter emptying of self is indeed the prime requisite for all spiritual growth and illumination, but I am afraid that my own experience will not allow me to discountenance thought in this connection quite so completely.

When I have a decision to make, I think that I usually lead up to it by using my head to analyze the situation. With my mind I single out the possible ways by which I *might* go on from where I now am. But when it comes down at last to a *choice* between these ways, to a decision as to which of these ways I must *follow*, then I do try to keep my intellect from having any part in it whatever. I try to empty myself utterly of all will of my own, to put aside every vestige of desire for myself, every trace of preference for one way rather than another, every trace of fear. I try to lay myself down limp in the hand of God, will-less, asking nothing, willing to go *any* way. I seek to be entirely ready to follow one of the ways my mind has already singled out or some other which has not hitherto come to me, to be as willing to remain as to go, to go this way as to go that, to go alone as to go with a comrade, to go to what men call failure and death as to what men call success and life. I try to be nothing but a lifeless tool for the service of Truth, nothing but a dead violin for God to play upon what He will, nothing but an emptiness for that Love to flow through, to which I am no more than any other man, which is the better world of the future struggling to break through and be born in our midst, which is the essence of the Kingdom of God.

And when I have done this, or come as near to doing it as I am capable of, then, if not the first day, or the second, then surely at last, *I simply know the way I should go.* I see it clearly, I feel an unmistakable and unescapable urge in that direction. I hear (not with my outer ears to be sure, and yet in no supernatural or abnormal way, either) the voice of love who is my own true self whispering to me insistently, "Go this way—do that—say this." And then, with the implicit faith of a child, I just try to be very faithful, entirely obedient.

But before anyone is willing to trust himself to follow any sort of guidance very far, he will require some sort of test by which he may check up its reliability. I have found a certain two tests to be necessary

and yet sufficient. Indeed, as one always involves the other, they are really after all only two sides of one test. First, let a man but make sure that he is entirely self-surrendered, that he has set aside every tug within him which is for his own personal life apart from or at the expense of other people, that he is quite empty of all self-will. And secondly, let him but make sure that what then speaks within him is love, the very love of God, love that leaves out no man but enfolds them all equally, equally with one another and with himself. Let a man but do this, and I will have no hesitation in turning him loose upon society without any external restraints whatever. I shall be confident that whatever he may do, even though with the suffering which ever accompanies the service of Truth, shall make for fulness of Life for all whom he may touch.

My Inner Light has come to be my final authority and my supreme source of guidance. And I have come to know that it will not fail to light up my way before me clearly if only I put myself in an attitude of selfless love. But, especially if I am confronted with a decision of great gravity, this attitude itself needs to be proved. Before I irrevocably commit myself, I must try to make sure that my self-surrender is genuine and complete and that what speaks within me is the voice of the most real and universal Love. Under these circumstances, I would not be content to act upon the guidance which I received in a single time of quiet. I would carry the problem with me into my quiet day after day, to see if what I felt first were confirmed by what I felt later. If at last it was quite clear that my own Light in the matter was always the same, I would consider it settled, tentatively at least. But if the following of it would be sure to cause others much suffering, even then I would not be content to act upon my light until I had shared my problem and my own leading in regard to it with those comrades in whose understanding and spiritual discernment I had the greatest confidence. If their light confirmed my own, I would then feel sure that I must act. If their light did *not* confirm my own, then I would feel that I must weigh the whole matter in my quiet all over again. But if at last, it was unescapably clear that my own light remained unalterably the same, then, although I were unsupported by any human being in the world, I would try to follow that light.

During the last seven years I have been making many decisions which have cut deeply not only into my own life, but into the lives of others as well. And I have been making my decisions by this method. And it is my conviction that never once have I followed the guidance which I received when I was most surrendered to the greatest love that was in me, but I have found through the unfolding consequences that followed, that the way given to me meant increase of life, in the truest meaning of that word, not only to myself but to all those affected by my action. And never once have I failed to follow the guidance which I have received in this way, but I have later had reason to regret it as I saw my failure result in a lessening of life in all those involved. Naturally, this experience has made me more and more ready to trust everything to that love which possesses a man when he is selfless, even though the way given him causes much suffering.

But lest someone should dismiss all this as having no value for him because he imagines I have an unusual gift for it which he simply lacks, let me hasten to assure him that I have no unusual gift for it whatever. Certainly I was not brought up to make my decisions this way. Indeed I had never even heard of it until it was suggested to me by a Quaker friend about seven years ago. And I have always been of an active rather than a contemplative temperament, and I believe remain so to this day. Moreover, some of those who are now closest to me have had the same experience. All of which indicates to me that my mystical gifts are in no way unusual, that I have simply made a small beginning at developing in myself a faculty which is latent in every man and which has possibilities for us all far beyond anything that my meager experience enables me to write about.

It is really very simple. When our consciousness is confused and troubled by some problem which confronts us for decision it is like a glass filled with riled water. And the way most people go at their problems is for all the world as though a man were to try to settle the mud in that glass of water by feverishly stirring and poking at it. Whereas if he would but be very still and wait—patiently—the water would of itself become quite clear, so that he could see what the sediment contained and could peer right through the water. Or the life in us with which we try to come into contact through quiet is like an underground stream which flows all the while right under our feet, and we are never aware of it. But if only we would lie down with our ear to the ground—very still—so still—and would listen, we would at last hear the murmur of this river as it makes its way toward the sea, and it would whisper its secrets to us, and sing to us of things we had never dreamed before. Let any man try it, and see if it is not even as I have said. And if he will but persevere, he will find even more than this. If he be hungry and eager and terribly true, he will find that in the course of time his inner attitude of "listening" has become so habitual, and continuous, his sensitiveness to all self-seeking so quick and sure, and the setting aside of himself so complete and unvarying, that everything he feels and thinks and says and does will no more be his own life but only that which flows through him, only that which he has heard within and passes on. The old personal life of desiring and fearing for his own individual welfare will have been set aside, and more and more all his life will be the cosmic life of God coursing through him, creating in him, achieving with him. He will have become nothing but a channel, an instrument, a servant—sometimes a voice of tender compassion and healing, sometimes an electric touch of quickening, and again the sharp hard remorseless point of a plow breaking up the ground for a new sowing of the Eternal Goodness, or a terrific instrument smashing through obstacles to liberate the divine powers into the world.

So much for the guidance we all need in the making of our decisions. But quiet is for more than this. We may turn to it for this in the first place, but if we grow in it we shall surely go on to find that we value it most for its clarification and widening of our perception into the realities of the universe and for the deepening of the peace with which our inner life comes to rest upon these realities.

But before I go on with this further, perhaps it would be good if I made mention of a matter which, although related to this, is just a bit afield. This is the use of suggestion. If our spontaneous impulses are not in accord with our ideal, we can help to mould them into the image of that ideal by deliberately suggesting the attitude we desire. The wording of the suggestion

is important. Needless to say, it should be in accord with the very purest, most selfless idealism. It should dwell on the positive good desired rather than on the negative weakness and mistakes to be avoided. It should be terse, and with a rhythmic beat to it if possible. It is best to say it out loud, without any insistence or forcing, yet with quiet and complete concentration of mind. It should be repeated perhaps ten or twelve times at about the same hour every day. Regularity in this is important. As examples of what I mean I might give the following: "I am in Thee, O my Beloved, and in Thee is there only wholeness, and harmony, and peace." Or, "Wherever I go, I am always 'listening.'" Or, "I am *more* than Blank (naming your own name). I am *in* Blank, but I am in So-and-So (naming perhaps some friends). And I am in the murderer and the thief. I am in the Mormon and the Moslem. I am in the Negro and Chinese. I am in all men. All men serve Me. Blank (naming yourself) serves Me." Or, even in regard to commonplace matters, such as this: "I never eat between meals." Or, "I always stop eating while still slightly hungry."

But now to return to what we mean by quiet more strictly.

What I have to say is based upon the conviction that God cannot be *thought*. All men's ideas have been elaborated out of the material brought to his mind by his senses. And even in the West we have known ever since Kant that through the senses, even though these senses be behind a telescope or a microscope, we can never get more than impressions, that the reality, the *"Ding an Sich,"* as Kant called it, the *thing* which lies in and under and behind what we *call* chair, tree, sun, etc., it is simply impossible to know through the senses. This means that God belongs to an order of reality which is quite beyond the reach of any faculties men possess. What He is cannot be contained in any idea we have, nor within all our ideas put together. And, therefore, because our words are only the labels of our ideas, "There are no words to tell that which He is." (Kabir) God cannot be thought, He cannot adequately be talked about. But this does not mean that man cannot go on in his exploration and experience of the infinite Being of God. He can and must go on, and is going on even now. He must *evolve a new faculty of perception.* And it is at least the rudiments of an inner eye for just such perception that we see appearing in men's turning to the farther reaches of quiet.

But in order to see with this eye, thought must be put quite aside. This has been recognized by great mystics in all ages. "The Cloud of Unknowing" puts it quite clearly when it says, in its quaint old English, "I would leave all thing that I can think, and choose to my love that thing that I cannot think. For why; He may well be loved, but not thought. By love may He be gotten and holden; but by thought never."

But the entire suspension of thought is not easy. To keep the mind clear of every idea, every word, every picture, just blank, even for a few minutes, while one allows oneself to sink deep down into those levels of being which are deeper than the world of thought, is an undertaking the difficulty of which can be appreciated only by those who have attempted it. But though our efforts meet with little but failure even over a long period, those who have finally succeeded say for our encouragement that the practice becomes constantly easier to those who persist and will lead at last to an experience which repays all the effort that has gone into it beyond the power of any words to express. And they suggest methods for facilitating this suspension of thought. I know rather little about them, and personally I distrust the use of them by anyone who has not been carefully and exactly instructed in them by someone in whose competence and moral and spiritual elevation one has complete confidence. And a person who can fulfil *all* those requirements I do not know of, for myself, in this country. The only method of this sort which I have used at all is the one offered in "The Cloud of Unknowing." It consists of the steady reiteration of any word of one syllable, but preferably, perhaps, one like "God" or "Love," until the steady beat of it has stopped all thought. Yet I have made no regular use even of that. But if ever I feel a certain unmistakable flow of my inner life downwards and outwards, I gladly yield to it. And I simply try to put out of my mind everything whatever that can be thought or pictured, and to keep it blank, while my consciousness settles down, down, till I awake to a realization that I am one with all that is, till all the marks of individual identity fade away, and until all the walls of desire and fear, by which I have striven to seek and to save what I have thought was my life, seem ridiculously insignificant, even at last non-existent. And then I know that I cannot be contained within the skin of Bill Simpson, that what I really really am is in and behind the earth, the rocks, the trees, the flowers, the grubs and the animals of all sorts, and in human beings of all sorts, and in all creation unto the remotest ends of it, that my real Life is God, that though failure and death may destroy Bill Simpson, nothing can possibly happen that can touch Me. And I know that this is also the real life of all men and that in time they all shall know it and return whence they came to that life which is their home and their heaven, their peace and their joy forever and ever.

Such an experience may come but rarely. Comparatively few may be given even a dim approximation to it. But even such a foretaste may leave a man forever after different. Even as for a man groping his way along an unknown road at night, a sudden flash of lightning may suffice to give him his bearings and to reveal the outlines of his path stretching out ahead of him, and winding its way over the hills, so the consciousness of any man to whom something of such an experience has come will ever after be suffused with the memory of it. And that memory will gladden him through dark hours of division and spiritual defeat, and stay him through long stretches of persecution and loneliness and enable him even to live amidst the heartless and seemingly irremediable oppression of his brothers with some measure of peace in his heart. For in that memorable moment of illumination when for a trice things seemed to stand revealed as they really are, he beheld that the whole creation, with every little creature in it, was swung in a cradle of the infinite love of God. And in his faith in that love he rests his every concern, unafraid, like a little child in the strong sure arms of his father.

This, I think, is about all I am able to say about the method of quiet. But now, let us see if we cannot stand off at a distance and gather some sense of its place and significance in human life and in the unfoldment of human consciousness.

BILL SIMPSON.

[*To Be Concluded.*]

The Sermon on the Mount

Distortion of Message in the West*

So far as I am concerned, as I have said elsewhere, I believe in the message of Jesus, as I understand it in the Sermon on the Mount, unadulterated, and even in connection with the Sermon on the Mount, my own humble interpretation of the message is in many respects different from the orthodox interpretation. I was given when I was in Yerravada jail a reasoned long letter addressed to their flocks by the clergy and there they had given what must be, I suppose, considered an authoritative interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount. When I was prematurely discharged from jail, C. F. Andrews, than whom on this earth I do not own a closer friend, met me whilst I was convalescent in Juhu and placed another copy of the letter in my hands and asked me to deal with that letter. I never found the time to do so.

In my humble opinion the message has suffered distortion in the West. The world very often does not even care what you think or do, and so, I know that my telling you or anybody where I stand is no concern even of audiences like this. One's religion is no concern of the world, no concern even of audiences like this. One's own religion is, after all, a matter between one's self and one's Maker, and no one else, but if I feel impelled and compelled to share my thoughts with you this evening, it is because I want to enlist your sympathy in my search, I want to enlist your sympathy also for the cause for which I should love to guide, and perhaps I could not enlist your sympathy as well as I might, if I did not lay all my cards on the table, and made you understand what was at the back of my mind, in front of it and is still on all its sides, I thought that at this meeting I would just tell you where I stood.

If, then, I had to face only the Sermon on the Mount and give my own interpretation, I should unhesitatingly say, "Oh, yes, I am a Christian," but I know that if at the present moment I used any such language whatever, I should lay myself open to the gravest misinterpretation, but let alone misinterpretation, I should lay myself open to a fraudulent claim, because I would have then to tell you my own meaning of Christianity, and I have no desire to do so, but negatively I can tell you that much of what today passes for Christianity is a negation of the Sermon on the Mount. Please mark my words. I am not at the present moment concerned with Christian conduct. I am laying stress upon official Christianity upon what after prayerful reading I have understood to be the attempt of Christianity as it is understood in the West, apart from conduct. I am painfully aware of the fact that conduct falls short even of the written profession, but I do not say this by way of criticism, I know from my own treasures of experience that my own conduct, trying as I am every moment of my life to live up to my profession, falls short of that profession. Far, therefore, be it from me to say this in any spirit of criticism, but I am placing before you these fundamental difficulties of mine that occur to me when I come to look at those books. Some of you know that I have devoured Christian literature since 1891, or more fully since 1893, when fate cast me into the midst of those very fine Christian friends who belonged to the South African General Mission, where I saw Wesleyans, Presbyterians and others.

You will understand that I had varied experiences and they piled books after books upon me. I was really unprepared for this onslaught, but having always been a faithful friend, wanting always to accommodate friends, being always in need of accommodation myself, and therefore wanting also to please them if I could, I read those books for their own sake.

Reading those things with the prayerful help of these friends, I went on and they were pilots endeavoring to pilot me through all the shoals and dangerous rocks that lay ahead. They were always asking me, well where are you now? From that day to this day that question has been addressed to me time after time, "where are you now?" I venture to say in the great words of the Vedas *"Neti, neti,"* Not this, not this. I have been obliged to say this and to you also I would like to say, if this be Christianity, "not this, not this," and the deepest in me tells me that I am right. I claim in all humility to be a man of faith, I claim to be a man of prayer. Even if I was cut up to pieces, I think God would give me strength not to deny Him, but to assert that He is. But that does not take us any further. Mussalman saints say God is, and He alone. Christianity says the same thing. Idolatrous as he is described to be, the Hindu says the same thing and if I may speak of the Buddhist, I say in all humility that even he says the same thing. We have all a different meaning and a different interpretation. God embraces not only this globe of ours, of which we know so horribly little, but God embraces millions of such globes of which we cannot even have any conception, and we, the little crawling creatures so utterly hopeless as He has made us, how can we possibly measure His greatness, His grace, His boundless love, His compassion and He allows even the man who insolently denies His existence to live and allows him to wrangle about. He allows a man to cut the throat of his fellow men, so forgiving, so divine is He. Therefore I understand and know that, after all, each one has his own special religion and so we come to the rock bottom, "My religion is the concern of my Maker and so with yours." When these very names Christianity, Islam, Hindu, Buddhism might be blotted out, we might know these religions by some other names. Even then there will be that bond between the creator and his creature. I ask every Christian friend of mine to make this search. Let him square his own accounts with His Maker and let him leave me to square mine. I have also come to this conclusion which is forcing itself upon me day after day that if we will but recognize in all humility our limitations, we can come to the conclusion that we have each one of us one pupil too many, one soul too many to take care of and that is our own selves. If we would but mind our own hearts, our own selves, place that house in order, use the body that is given to us for higher ends in the few years which are but moments and less than moments in this huge great eternal time, if we would therefore make proper use of this body and treat it not as a receptable for all the rubbish that finds its way into it, but use it as the temple for God to reside and for God to sit there on his throne and say, "You are a good door-keeper, you are guarding the entrance well,"

*An address delivered to an audience of Christians at the Y. M. C. A. Hall at Colombo, Ceylon.

I say that we shall have done our duty and we, whether Hindus, Mussalmans, Christians, Buddhists, Parsis or Jews, will have lived our life in full measure and God will be pleased with our conduct?. That being so, I have urged upon my Christian friends and the Christian missionaries who have come to the East to live their religion to let it speak for itself. That to my mind will be the truest form of proselytising, the truest form of the lead, that will be the truest form of *Suddhi* and then there will be no distrust, no suspicion, no quarrel, no wrangling.

My mind, as I am talking to you this evening and laying my heart bare before you, goes to China. I do not know that land, I wish I could help, but I cannot help. A Christian friend only the other day sent me a little pamphlet. It was prepared by the student departments of the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. in China. It is a recent publication and I think that it is intended principally for circulation amongst their Christian friends. It has been circulated in India also and as I am in touch with almost all Christian bodies now in India, and it is a special privilege I prize, I had this book passed on to me also. There are chapters written by very earnest, probably distinguished, Chinese young men, and each one has given his own reading of the hidden meaning of the movement that is going on in that country which is in the throes of a new birth through which that great nation is today passing. These writers have sought to put before their friends their own interpretation upon the unity of the Christian movement, which has also cropped up in China. So far as I have gone through it, they say: "Do not consider this movement anti-Christian, it is anti-nationalistic, inasmuch as the Young China regards any movement, any action or any person as opposed to Chinese self-expression. They are down upon it, and I think that these young men who write say also that there is considerable justification for it. Then they proceed to show how this suspicion has become true in the minds of the Chinese and that even the Chinese Christians have begun to distrust this Christian endeavor that has come from the West in their midst. I present this thought to you, both to those who are Ceylon Christians, i. e., those who have been Buddhists or Hindus or belonged to some other faith and who have accepted Christianity or their forefathers have, and to those Western friends who are asking if this earnest writing has really a deep meaning and influence over those trying to justify their Christian conduct in so far as they have been able to live up to the life that they have chosen for themselves, and at the same time find a basis for this opposition. The truth or the deduction that I would like all to draw from this manifestation that is taking place in China is that those of you who are Ceylonese must not be impatient, and those of you who are from the West must not consciously or unconsciously lay violent hands upon their manners, habits and customs in so far as they are not repugnant to or inconsistent with the fundamentals. I plead with you, let not the people of the East confuse the teaching of Jesus with what passes as modern civilization or ancient civilization.

To all you young men before me, the Ceylonese friends, I say, do not be dazzled by the splendor that comes to you from the West. Do not be taken off your feet by this passing show. The Enlightened One has told you in never-to-be-forgotten words, in his memorable words, that this little span of life is but a passing shadow, the fleeting thing, and if you will realize the nothingness of all that appears before your eyes, the nothingness of the material world that we see before us, ever changing, then indeed there are treasures for you, there is peace and happiness for you to which we on this earth are utter strangers. It requires an amazing faith, a divine faith to surrender all that we see before us and for what—in search of a mere shadow, a mere nothing. You may put it that way or you may say as did the great Buddha, when he had ample powers and a great kingdom growing under his very feet, a beautiful and faithful wife, a beautiful son growing day by day, nothing that he could possibly desire on this earth was wanting to fill the cup of happiness up to the brim. He rejected that cup, he rejected the earthly happiness and parted from his truest ones, not out of hardness of heart but because he wanted a more permanent association and to share the whole of happiness which he knew there was to be had for a man who would search through and through and who would die for it. If it is a glorious thing to scale the heights of Mount Everest and to sacrifice precious lives in order to be able to go there and make some sight observations—I deliberately call them slight compared to this—if it is a glorious thing to give up life after life in planting a flag in the uppermost extreme points of the world, the North and South Poles, how much more glorious is it to give not one life to surrender, not a million lives, but a billion in search for that imperishable truth. So I say to the Christian young men and others—I know that this association has a majority of members who are Christians and so I thought I could not better appreciate your great kindliness in inviting me here today than to deliver the important message exclusively to the Christians—therefore I will say to the Ceylonese young men, do not be lifted off your feet; do not throw away the simplicity of your ancestors. I tell you that a time is coming when those who are today in their mad rush multiplying their wants and eventually thinking that thereby they will add to the real substance, add to the real knowledge and also because they are sincerely inviting the whole world to share those pleasures which they call or miscall treasures, a time is coming when they will themselves retrace their steps and say, "Oh, what have we done?" Civilizations have come and gone. Where is Babylon and where is Assyria? Where are all those beautiful buildings which the historians tell us they had erected? Even in India they have made researches in sand, they have excavated some beautiful buildings and they say our forefathers built those beautiful things, just like they have in the streets of London. Geologists claim that things must be at least five thousand years old. I am not the only man questioning these things. The great Wallace, the contemporary of Darwin, said the same thing. He said that after 50 years of brilliant inventions and discoveries of science, we have not added one inch to the moral height of mankind. So said a dreamer and a visionary, Tolstoy, who gave his life for that search; so said also, as I consider, Jesus. So said Buddha—that he found his duty and so said Mohammed, the great prophet, whose religion as going on before you is after all misunderstood and falsified. He counted all these treasures of the earth as naught and so, I say to the young men, by all means drink in deep the fountains that are there given in the Sermon on the Mount, but then you will have to take up sackcloth and ashes. This advice was

meant not only for his disciples but also for you and me. You dare not serve God and Mammon and what is going on before you is after all multiple editions of cinematograph. The Mammon is living in our midst taking the name of God in vain. God embraces everything. He is compassionate. He is Rahiman. He is all merciful. He is Truth. He is Tolerance-incarnate, and therefore He allows man to have his nine days' wonder and so you, young men, will be true to yourselves, if free from that living but self-destroying and destructive show of Mammon. May God bless you to understand the spirit of the message that I have given you from the deepest recesses of my heart.

M. K. GANDHI.

Internationalizing Our Youth

Under the caption "Militarizing Our Youth," *The World Tomorrow,* November issue, shows a full page composite photograph of military school advertisements which appeared in a recent number of a contemporary magazine. *The World Tomorrow* makes this comment on what seems to them to be food for thought:

> In a single issue of *The Cosmopolitan Magazine,* August, 1927, a total of 62 military schools appealed to American parents. The boys in these schools not only receive discipline and character training, they are likely to be saturated with the idea that armed preparedness is the most effective way of maintaining national security.

Unquestionably these youths will be graduated from these different schools with varying degrees of prejudice against maintaining peace by any means other than force. Youth is that impressionable. Organized forces are at work, however, results of which tend to counteract influences of this nature. News of these forces may help allay some of the apprehension on the part of the editors of *The World Tomorrow.*

In 1923 Mrs. Florence Brooks-Aten, an educational philanthropist of New York City, founded what was known as the David Brooks Anglo-American Prize Essay Contests. These essay contests were named in memory and honor of David Brooks, a soldier in the American Revolution and great-great grandfather of Mrs. Brooks-Aten. In 1925 the organization was incorporated in the State of New York as the Brooks-Bryce Foundation, and in 1927 the corporate name was changed to the Brooks-Bright Foundation, to honor John Bright, the great Commoner of England during our Civil War, and our greatest friend in that time of need.

When Mrs. Brooks-Aten founded the original essay contests, organizations were working to promote a better understanding between the United States and the British Commonwealth of Nations, but it seemed to her that precious time was being lost in that the appeals were to the adult population, and neglecting to interest youth, the plastic, the adult of tomorrow. Knowing that it is much easier to form friendships than it is to outroot prejudices, Mrs. Brooks-Aten determined to apply her time and energy to the education of the youth of both countries in Christian principles. The purpose of the organization is to promote Anglo-American amity through a better understanding of the economic, political, and biologic forces which bind the two nations..

Upon becoming a member of the foundation each school receives a cup known as the Brooks-Bright Prize Essay Cup. The annual winner of the contest within the school has his name engraved on the cup, and is presented a miniature of it together with an illumined scroll telling of the contest. The winning essay in each school is then submitted to a board of judges composed of prominent educators who announce a winner in the interscholastic competition. In this interscholastic competition the winner of the first prize is given a round trip ticket to England, a letter of credit for 100 pounds, and arrangements are made for his entertainment abroad by those interested in the movement over there. Prizes are also awarded in this contest to those writing the second and third best compositions. The prizes are indeed worth-while competing for and inspiring work is being done in getting the youth of America to think seriously about the advantages that will accrue from this "complete understanding and friendly relationship."

In 1926, under special provision of Mrs. Brooks-Aten, a prize was awarded for the best essay written by a student at Oxford. The following year, 1927, a similar award was made at Yale. In both cases the topic was the same as used in the interscholastic competition.

No narrowness of view or exclusive friendship with the English speaking nations is contemplated—no blatant touting of the arrogant myth of Anglo-Saxon supremacy. To teach the Christian of one nation love for another must of necessity teach him love for all.

The annual essay topics selected by the directors, listed in order of their submission, show the seriousness of the competitors.

1924-1925 The Benefit to Christian Civilization from a Complete Understanding and Friendly Relationship Between the United States of America and the British Empire.

1926 The Historical Significance of the American Revolution in the Development of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

1927 To What Extent Do the Ramifications of International Trade and Commerce Affect the United States of America and the British Commonwealth of Nations?

1928 As the White Population of the United States of America and the British Commonwealth of Nations Has Increased in the Past Century from 20,000,000 to 170,000,000, in How Far Will the Continued Growth of Population and the Diminishing Food Supply Affect the Future Relations Between These Two Peoples and to What Extent Will It Affect Their Relations to Other Nations?

Among the member schools are numbered some of the leaders in American education. The membership includes such private schools as the Hill School at Pottstown, Penn., St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., Groton School, Groton, Mass., and Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, N. H. Miss Porter's School at Farmington, Connecticut, is the leading girls' school included in the membership. The Champaign High School at Champaign, Ill., and the Montgomery School at Wynnewood, Pa., are public schools which have joined. The most recent addition to the Foundation is the Asheville School in Asheville, North Carolina, which formerly received the membership and the presentation of the Brooks-Bright Cup on Armistice Day, November 11, 1927.

FRANK LANE.

The Study Table

China, Ice Ages, and Postage Stamps

One of the more scholarly books on Chinese affairs is Shushi Hsu's "China and Her Political Entity."[1] It is a thoughtful, well-written, amply documented work. It is an invaluable book of reference as it makes a fuller use of Chinese sources than any other book which is intended for general reading. It is all that I have said, but it is more. It is a skillfully constructed political propaganda. Upon the title-page we read the words of John Hay: "The policy of the United States is to preserve the territorial and administrative entity of China." All who wish China well, and your reviewer yields to none in so doing, must have felt a pang of sorrow, whenever he saw the five-striped flag of "The Great Republic"—each stripe indicative of a part of the Chinese Empire as it was, at least in theory, not long ago. China, Manchuria, Mongolia, Chinese Turkestan and Tibet, were represented in that floating rainbow. Yet in 1912 China had not only practically lost Manchuria; she was slipping in Mongolia, had but a slight hold on Chinese Turkestan, was losing in Tibet. The book before us is a wail over the losses of the great nation. After presenting a historic background to show the widest development Chinese power attained, it narrates the crimes of Russia and Japan. It shows how both have crowded, both have taken over, both are even now threatening further encroachments. At a moment when the active forces of a new China are focussing an attack on Great Britain, we find English aggression soft-pedalled here. While the wrong of the seizure of Tsingtao is emphasized and the withdrawal of Japan from Shantung is attributed only to the most sordid reasons, we are not reminded that Britain, after a spectacular gesture at Washington has been slow about returning Weihaiwei; while Japan's "twenty-one demands" are fully detailed, we find nothing about Britain's fourteen demands relative to Tibet. Why? Because the evident purpose of the book is to have British benevolent neutrality for the moment, and to egg America on to restore and to maintain China's entity, as suggested by John Hay. In the matter of playing nation against nation, old China has been skillful. More than once she has overplayed the game. The origin of the late Manchu control is suggestive at this point. The game is rather a dangerous one. There are those who believe that Britain's recent break with Russia precludes war, that the movement of British forces into China means that the battleground will be Mongolia and Manchuria. Should such a war really come, we are only waiting to be dragged in—our forces are there to be dragooned. Dr. Hsu's book should be read with these sinister suggestions in mind. There may be nothing in them, but emphasis upon *our* duty to maintain China's entity, may be a spark to tinder just now. A fair and proper study of the book would demand much space, more than is at our disposition. Of one thing, however, we feel sure. If Asiatic nations are left to settle their affairs between themselves, we believe that China will prove amply able to take care of herself. She has lost; she will regain all that she can safely and profitably hold. Eventually she will be not overridden by Russia, or Japan, or both. By inviting intervention by western nations she runs an incalculable risk. It is for her to choose. If I were a Chinese, and my nation's "entity" were to absolutely pass, I should prefer to live in a Siberia rather than an India, in Korea than in the Philippines.

Among the many books now appearing upon Asiatic conditions and problems, Upton Close's "Revolt of Asia" has caught the popular fancy.[2] Its alternative title, "The End of the White Man's Dominance," gives the keynote of his discussion. The author has had Oriental experience. He went to China for journalistic work and has the reportorial instinct for news and for making a good story. He has been correspondent for various papers; has done editorial work in Peking; has participated in famine relief; has had personal contact with one and another of those Chinese leaders, whose names are just now conspicuous in the public prints. His earlier book, "The Land of the Laughing Buddha," was well received. It was chatty reportorial stuff that always bordered on telling the reader something, without ever quite doing so. Since it appeared, Mr. Hall has made another extended journey *through* Asia. The result is the present book. It is fullest on China. The situation there is now fairly appreciated. China is in open revolt against the white man's dominance. She has demonstrated western helplessness in the face of her revolt. Whether she gains her demands or not, whether she can maintain herself against possible combinations, whether she can force national equality—the situation can never again be what it was a decade ago. Mr. Hall finds the situation of China repeated more or less in the other lands of Asia. Everywhere Asiatic peoples are tired of Caucasic arrogance. Everywhere they are rebelling against white exploitation. Everywhere they are challenging our assumption of superiority. They begin to feel that ideals are sacred and that Asiatic ideals have as true a right to live as European or American. Mr. Hall opens his book with the words:

> All Asia has flared into revolt against the dominant white man. The book takes three phases. It is up against the white man's political rule, the imposition of his culture and religion, and, most deeply seated of all, his arrogant assumption of social superiority.

Mr. Hall's solution is: "It is to live and let live. It is tolerance, or death." We feel that he is right. To further force the white man's way on unwilling peoples means death to both ideals.

The mountain of books on China grows steadily. All sorts of people, qualified and not qualified, are writing them. Some of the books are good, many are bad. Some leave us where they found us—or worse off; others help. The newspapers leave us in complete confusion with their names of unknown places, their unpronounceable cognomens of leaders, their reports of crises of which we never heard the outcome. But somewhere there must be a thread of connection; there must be causes, and aims; there must be some meaning in it all. In "What and Why in China,"[3] we have an attempt to simply and clearly tell the story. The author, Paul Hutchinson, has lived five years in China, in journalistic work. More than one hundred thousand copies of his earlier book, "China's Real Revolution," were sold. The new book is an astonishingly successful attempt at simplification. The effort is to give the abso-

1. "China and Her Political Entity." Shushi Hsu. New York: 1926. Oxford University Press, American Branch. 16° pp. xxiv. 438.

2. "The Revolt of Asia," Upton Close (Josef Washington Hall). New York and London: 1927. G. P. Putnams Sons. 16° pp. xiii. 325.

3. "What and Why in China." Paul Hutchinson. Chicago: 1927. Willett, Clark & Colby. 16° pp. 181.

lutely basal facts in the fewest words and the simplest form. What led to the revolution? Who and why are the war lords? What of Sun Yat-sen? What is the nationalist movement? No matter how interesting and important, the unnecessary is lopped off. The author is sympathetic with China, with the idea of the Republic, with the nationalist movement. On the whole, he views the future with hope. Just now the Nationalists are divided. *Our* sympathies, by the skillful use of such words as "red," "Bolshevism," etc., are with the moderates; it is not sure that they should be. Hutchinson looks for advancement, whichever faction wins. He says:

> If the moderates win, then foreigners should be able to adjust themselves to a new situation in China without long delay. But if the radicals win, then the foreigners will have either to (1) surrender their rights without dispute, or (2) fight.

The book is a good one, perhaps as good as any, for the busy man to read, in order to have a background, which will make his daily newspaper reports mean something.

Everyone knows of "the great ice age." Of all the phenomena that geology has suggested and discussed, it has taken the firmest hold on the popular imagination. Its relation to the question of man's appearance on the globe may have given it especial interest. The awful grandeur of the popular notion of continents sheeted with ice of inconceivable thickness; the idea of slow creeping motion; the irresistible force, destructive power, of the glacier—have strongly seized upon the fancy. Most of us have a rather vague, probably exaggerated, notion of it all, but we have it. To most of us it was a unique and isolated occurrence in the world's history. It was an exceptional, disastrous incident which, please God, shall never occur again. However, considerable time has elapsed since geologists began to believe that there have been other periods of glaciation, other ice ages, more or less pronounced. It is, however, but recently that sufficient evidence has accumulated for us to locate, in time and place, a considerable list of ice ages. In an exceedingly interesting and beautifully illustrated book, "Ice Ages: Past and Present,"[4] Prof. A. P. Coleman of the University of Toronto reviews the entire subject. His material is ample; it is so simply and clearly presented that the non-professional reader can easily grasp and understand. The author begins with a long introduction, in which living glaciers and their movement, their erosive action, their transportative power and their deposits are studied in some detail. The remainder of the book is divided into two parts. In the first part the Pleistocene Ice Age is considered—in North America and in other regions. This is "the ice age" of popular knowledge, "the great ice age" so often mentioned. It has been so often described, so fully discussed, that our author treats it briefly. He reduces, rather than magnifies, its importance. While a great phenomenon it was not unique, nor was it the greatest of its kind. It is even possible that it has not fully ended and that we live in the tailing-out of it. On the whole, climate through the greater part of geological time has never been milder and more equably distributed, than today. This climate, mild through time and space, has been interrupted many times by periods of cold. Part two, forming far the larger portion of the book, is given over to the description and consideration of these. Some were greater in geographical extent and in severity than that of the Pleistocene. The evidence of their occurrence, the area affected, the probable severity, the duration, all are well presented. Ice ages have ever had a remarkable effect upon the life forms of their time. They have taken place at intervals, irregular so far as we can see, but they have occurred in Cenozoic, Mesozoic, Palaeozoic, even in Huronian and earlier times. The book closes with a summary of suggested theories of the causes of glaciation, of which there have been many. Coleman states them clearly, concisely and fairly. He refuses to commit himself to any single one. He says:

> In my opinion no simple cause, as expressed in one of the theories proposed, can accomplish this; any final solution of the complicated problems involved must come from a conjunction of general and local causes. Some combination of astronomic, geologic and atmospheric conditions seem necessary to produce such catastrophic events in the world's history. The rarity of such a conjunction would account for the comparatively few and irregularly spaced times of glaciation which interrupt the usual monotonous continuity of mild conditions shown by palaeontology.

An admirable book, which deserves and no doubt is receiving an enthusiastic reception is "The Pageant of Civilization," by F. B. Warren.[5] It covers a fascinating field and is interesting. It is common to refer to the collection of postage stamps with good-natured contempt, as a school-boy's hobby. Most people have no idea of the great number of men in active life who are ardent collectors and diligent students of these little bits of paper. Business men and professional men in every line of learned labor are on the list. That royalty should be interested is not surprising and that rulers should have large and choice collections is natural. Still it is probable that most people do not know that King George the Fifth has a collection valued at a half-million dollars, that Alfonso of Spain, Albert of Belgium and Alexander of Jugoslovia are ardent collectors, that King Fuad of Egypt is not only a great collector but is responsible for the interesting and suggestive designs on the recent issues of his country, and that the new Emperor of Japan is a devotee. The number of postage-stamps that now faces the collector is overwhelming; no one can hope to secure them all. Some stamps are of such rarity that not even the wealthiest can expect to possess them. The highest price paid to date for a single stamp was $32,500 for the British Guiana one-cent, magenta. "Of rather mediocre appearance and poor condition," it was sold to Arthur Hind of Utica, N. Y. He had to pay in addition a tax of 17 per cent upon the price. When one stops to ask what value there is in collecting stamps, he may receive many answers. The stamps of today are beautiful, if small, works of art. They furnish a training in art judgment, in fine discrimination of detail, in color sense. They inform, as few other things, regarding the rulers, the form of government, the monetary systems, the relative development of administrative bureaus and departments. One absorbs information unconsciously by the handling of the stamps. The postage stamps of a country are documents for the history and conditions of the period of the issue. They show unmistakably, though often unintentionally, the accidents and crises of the national history. In the beautiful book before us, our author takes us over the world. He shows us how

4. "Ice Ages: Recent and Ancient." A. P. Coleman. New York: 1926. The Macmillan Co. 8° pp. xliii. 296.

5. "The Pageant of Civilization: World Adventure and Romance as Told by Postage Stamps." New York: 1926. The Century Co. 8° pp. vii. 490.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

China.—*Anti-Opium Campaign.*—As soon as the Nationalist Government was established at Wuhan, the representatives of the National Anti-Opium Association in the different provinces presented a petition of eight demands to the Wuhan Government. This petition requested that steps should be at once taken for the prohibition of the opium traffic in China. We now learn that the Nationalist Government in response to the petition has decided on the complete prohibition of opium within three years. The planting of the poppy is strictly forbidden this year and the traffic of opium is to be placed under rigid government control; by July of the third year (1930), the sale of opium will be brought to an end. A thorough system of registration, as far as consumption of opium is concerned, is to be started at once: all addicts under the age of 25 are to give up the habit unconditionally; those above that age will be allowed to break off the habit gradually, on the understanding that in three years the supply of opium will be totally stopped. The National Christian Council took an active part in the Anti-Opium Campaign.

Conference on Christianity and Economics.—From August 18-28 a conference was held at Shanghai on the Christianizing of Economic Relations. This is the first time that such a conference has been held in China, and over 50 men and women, mostly Chinese, attended. Information obtained as a result of investigations of industrial and rural conditions formed the basis of the conference, which discussed both agricultural and industrial problems and their relation to Christian principles. Those who took part in the Conference realized that the salvation of China did not lie in mere legislation, but in the change of heart which directs men to seek the good of their fellows; nevertheless they saw that economic burdens must be lifted from the people so that freedom in man's physical life may become the natural expression of his spiritual freedom.

The discussion of industrial problems centered in the minimum wage and the principles for determining wages, hours of work, child labor, and women's labor. A policy of gradualness was advocated for the attainment of ideal industrial conditions in order to avoid a dislocation of industry by any sudden and drastic measures. In the sphere of agricultural problems the question of tenancy took first place. The Conference advocated co-operative marketing and credit societies, and the need for increased production was emphasized. The tendency of the Conference was more or less conservative as far as the economic system was concerned; the abolition of private property and the revision of the wage system were not advocated: the Conference was clear, however, that the principles of Jesus must be applied to the existing problems.

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Ireland.—The League of Nations Society of Ireland, which was founded in 1923, just at the time when the Irish Free State entered the League, is now issuing a monthly journal, *Concord.* The Society feels that a paper is essential for propaganda for the League of Nations in Ireland, but its aim is wider than merely enlisting support for the League. The paper is designed to appeal also to those persons in Ireland who are not particularly interested in the League, but who are nevertheless interested in international affairs and desire peace. *Concord* will therefore be glad to publish matters in which the League is not necessarily directly concerned, provided they affect international peace, and especially if they affect Ireland. "The League is more important than our Society: Peace is more important than the League; *Concord,* by which we mean the establishment of genuine harmony, good-will and mutual helpfulness among the nations, is a bigger thing even than peace."

(For further information apply to the Secretary, 31 Mespil Road, Dublin.)

* * *

Russia.—*War Resistance in Soviet Russia.*—Military service is compulsory in Russia for all working men from 19 up to and including 40 years of age. Preliminary training is compulsory for all working men on reaching the age of 19, and lasts two years. The real military service begins at the age of 21 and lasts till the 26th year.

In Russia the conscientious objector is treated as an ordinary criminal or disobedient soldier. There exists, it is true, a law relating to conscientious objection. This law lays down that those persons can be exempt from military service who belong to certain religious sects, such as the Doeghoborzen, Mennonites, Molocanes, and Bogouny, but this applied already under the Tsarist régime. Moreover, the military law of September, 1925, requires that these persons belong to families whose religious convictions did not permit them to serve before 1917. This exemption applies only to active service. They are obliged to undertake hospital service, etc. In case of war these war resisters must serve in special non-combatant regiments at the front or behind the front. Originally, during Lenin's régime, they were also fully exempt during war. This has been changed since 1925. Tolstoy's followers, for example, do not come under this new law. They are persecuted for refusing to serve, as also are members of religious sects who refuse to do other work instead of serving in the army. Tolstoyans are not considered as a religious sect, but as a philosophic group (decree of March 24, 1924), in spite of the fact that Lenin had just this group in mind when he introduced the law relating to conscientious objectors.

There are at the moment, as far as is known, 150 conscientious objectors in prison, but probably this is not more than half the total number. The sentences vary from six months to three years; generally they are condemned to a year's imprisonment. Often fines are also inflicted, property confiscated and civil rights rescinded. Hitherto, after the conscientious objectors had served their term, they were called up again, in some cases twice and even three times! In the future this will not be done any more, it seems.

It is not allowed to print or import anti-militarist newspapers. No circulars may be spread or dispatched propagating non-violence or war resistance. Books with such contents may not be printed. For Russian anti-militarists it is practically impossible to attend European congresses, as no *visé* is granted them.

Pan-African Congress (from an Interracial News Letter of the American Friends' Service Committee). The Fourth Pan-African Congress, ending its sessions

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stamps throw a light upon the course of history. He gives thousands of curious and valuable items of information not generally known. In such a mass of details there must be some errors. Modero (for Madero) is a printer's blunder for which the author can not be held to blame; whether the "panther" on the Middle Kongo stamp is a "leopard" is not a matter of real importance; the question whether it is really cranes, "the birds symbolic of domesticity," that occur on the Japanese silver-wedding stamp is more significant; and the Cuban hero, Marti, is surely unrecognizable on the five-cent stamp which is labeled with his name. However, these are small matters and do not affect the real value of this beautiful and useful book.

FREDERICK STARR.

Sacco-Vanzetti Again!

This pamphlet,* by the Editor of the *Arbitrator,* has been described in our hearing as the best short statement of the Sacco-Vanzetti case that has yet appeared. It is a summary, in twenty pages, of the facts. It contains no arguments, no pleas, no appeals—just *facts.* It is amazing to see how, when the story is thus set down with utter accuracy and without one trace of partisanship, the hideous miscarriage of justice in the case is made apparent. All we need in this case, after all, is the *facts,* and here they are briefly told and crystal clear. We wish that this pamphlet might be circulated by the millions of copies. J. H. H.

*"There Is Justice," by William Floyd. Published by the Sacco-Vanzetti National League, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City. 10 cents.

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in New York on August 24, published a manifesto in the name of its delegates, "from 20 American States, from nearly all the West Indian Islands, from Germany, Japan, India, South America, Sierra Leone, Gold Coast, Nigeria, Liberia and South Africa." The manifesto states the following main demands of negroes throughout the world:

"1. A voice in their own government.

"2. Native rights to the land and its natural resources.

"3. Modern education for all children.

"4. The development of Africa for the Africans and not merely for the profit of Europeans.

"5. The reorganization of commerce and industry so as to make the main object of capital and labor the welfare of the many rather than the enriching of the few.

"6. The treatment of civilized men as civilized despite differences of birth, race or color."

The manifesto further demands the withdrawal of American armed forces from the black Republic of Haiti and the restoration of self-government there; condemns the attempt of white South Africans to monopolize the land belonging to the black natives; and after touching on African conditions says of conditions in America:

"We believe that the Negroes of the United States should begin the effective use of their political power and that instead of working for a few minor offices or for merely local favors and concessions, they should vote with their eyes fixed upon the international problems of the color line and the national problems which affect the Negro race in the United States."

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